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THE ANGEL OF THE COVENANT.

BY SAMUEL ADAMS WIGGIN.

Now, white Angel, fold me close
Within thy radiant arms,
And let my spirit eyes behold
Fair heaven with all its charms.

Thou wouldst know what hidden lies
Beyond this world of tears,
Wouldst clasp the hands of dear ones lost,
And use all doubts and fears.

With the veil, bright seraph, now,
Thine eyes are full of hope;
Thy heart beats loud with eager joy,
In darkness now I grope.

Oh, for one glimpse of that dear land,
I know as I am known,
To gaze with holy vision pure
On Christ upon His throne!

Thou hear Him say, "My child! My child!"
To see that tender face
All joy and love ineffable,
All glorious with His grace.

And feel about my lowly neck
The arms of Love divine;
Within His own trembling hands,
His soft eyes fixed on mine.

What dost thou say, sweet Angel fair?
The vision may not be?
Thou only death can lift the veil,
Can open heaven for me.

And on their golden hinges turn
The crystal gates of day,
And give me entrance to the courts
Where Jesus holdeth sway?

Thou art arms must still embrace me close
Within their tender fold,
And on his bosom must my head
Repose in peace untold?

Thou art white hands enfold mine own,
Thy voice with accents low
Gently, sweetly on my ear,
The rippling music's flow?

Thou art Death is God's glad messenger
To cheer on mighty wing
The souls of His beloved dead,
His psalm of life to sing?

Thou art Angel of the Covenant,
Thy words are pure and sweet,
Thy heart is filled with happiness,
Thy shining feet.

Thou art not know what hidden lies
Beyond this vale of tears,
Thou art glad words of heavenly love
Have banished all my fears.

I know that in the peaceful land
My soul shall find her own—
Her precious, spotless home again—
Around the Master's throne.

I know my heart with love divine,
And rapture full and free,
Shall sing the song the ransomed sing,
Mine eyes His glory see.

My saddened spirit will not yearn
To clasp mine own again;
Flourish find my little babes
Upon the heavenly plain.

Thou art Angel of the Covenant,
With accents low and sweet,
Thy heart is filled with comfort,
Thy shining feet.

BENEVOLENCE AND BUSINESS.

BY REV. D. WISE, D. D.

In Leigh Hunt's legend of "Abou Ben Adhem and the Angel," we are told that when Ben Adhem asked an angel who appeared to him in a vision, if his name was written among "those who love the Lord," the vision said it was not. Then the angel said to the angel, "Write me as one that loves his fellow-men." His request was granted. The next night the vision re-appeared and showed Ben Adhem his name written at the head of all "whom love of God had blessed."

The truth here illustrated by the poet is authoritatively taught by our beloved Lord in a command, the scope of which is comprehended by few and obeyed by a still lesser number. His words are, "Love your enemies, and do good. . . and ye shall be the children of the Highest; for He is kind unto the unthankful and to the evil." What does this mean, if not that Christ expects His disciples to manifest their love to Him in works of benevolence, done not for the benefit of their fellow-disciples only, but also for good of the outside world? Being God-like children, they are to be God-like by doing all they can to lift the world out of sin and misery into purity and happiness.

This requirement, when taken in its exceeding breadth, grinds one's selfishness with the pressure of mill-stones. Too many, even among fairly liberal men, are more eager to narrow its meaning than to ascertain how much it included in their Master's mind. They are reconciled to a construction which calls for a measure of work and giving that makes no serious deductions from their personal comforts or their increasing fortunes. But until "God's great Spirit doth exalt and lift the soul out of itself," they shrink, as from a

ghostly phantom, from the suggestion that possibly it contains a demand for such a large-hearted devotion to the temporal and spiritual interests of society, especially of the poor and the working classes, as they have never imagined, much less practiced. Reginald Heber seems to have had this thought in his mind when he asked:—

"What is religion? Is it
To treat with scorn the humble poor,
And bar against them every door?
Oh, no! Religion means not this.
Its fruit more sweet, and fairer is,
Its precept this—to others do
As you would have them do to you."

Without pretending to say precisely what this sublime law of charity, cited by the poet, requires of Christian men whom God has entrusted with wealth, we desire to submit an outline of the career of a French gentleman, recently deceased, for the consideration of such of our readers as are employers of workmen. To that man particularly who has thought seriously of the possible outcome of the struggles now going on between capital and labor, this Frenchman's application of the benevolent principle to business will be deeply interesting and eminently suggestive.

Forty-five years ago, a man named Leclaire, a house painter, who had raised himself by diligence and good workmanship from a condition of poverty to one of marked prosperity as a master painter, was told by a thoughtful friend that the only way to get rid of the antagonism which existed between master and workman, was by "the participation of the workmen in the profits of the master."

A selfish man would have promptly put an angry foot on this principle. But Leclaire, though not a professor of Christian discipleship, had a benevolent disposition which led him to cherish this really grand and truly Christian thought. During the ensuing seven years, he was, as he tells us, constantly "cudgeling his brains" to find "the best means of bringing the idea into practical operation." This long delay was not caused by any conflict between his selfishness and the principle, but by the difficulty of inventing a plan which he might adopt with a reasonable prospect of its becoming permanent and successful. He was entering an untrodden path, and it behooved him to explore it thoroughly.

In February, 1842, he called a meeting of his employees for the purpose of announcing his purpose to henceforth divide among them annually a certain portion of the profits of the previous years. Strangely enough, the police forbade the meeting; a workman's paper denounced his scheme; and even his workmen distrusted him, fearing, forsooth, that his apparently benevolent announcement was a mask concealing some ulterior purpose to injure them. Nothing daunted, however, he contrived to bring his forty-four workmen together. Placing a bag of gold coins on the table, he told them that their share of the profits of the preceding year amounted to twenty-three hundred and seventy-five dollars. This sum he divided proportionately to the wages each man had earned during the year, giving an average to each workman of fifty dollars and a fraction. This significant object lesson transformed the distrust of his employees into unbounded confidence.

The six following years the average annual payment to each man was about forty-five dollars. Leclaire then changed his plan. He organized his men into a mutual aid society, to which he paid over the sums previously distributed, that they might be partly divided, and partly invested for the purpose of giving retiring pensions to worn-out workmen. This society was subsequently incorporated and made a legal partner in the firm. The results of this movement were such that after a few years each of Leclaire's workmen received, 1. A yearly bonus of 15 per cent. on his aggregate wages; 2. A life pension of \$200 from the fiftieth year of his age and the twentieth year of work in the firm, half of which is continued to his widow for her life; 3. Two hundred dollars payable to his family at his death; 4. The certainty of being placed above want if injured and disabled while on duty, and of having his family provided for if he be killed.

The effect of this plan on the workmen was remarkable. It made them careful, conscientious, and industrious. It elevated their characters, and made them so contented with their condition that, instead of being the enemies of capitalists, they identified their interests with them. To the fortunes of the firm it was every way advantageous. The reputation for good work it gained through the fidelity of the men, brought it the best business in Paris. It made more money than ever before. Leclaire insisted that his principle was profitable to himself as an employer. He said it was better for him to earn a hundred and fifty francs, and give fifty of them to his workmen, than to earn only twenty-five and keep them all for himself.

This is a very imperfect sketch of Leclaire's plan, made so through lack of space. The reader may find a fuller presentation of it in the September number of the *Nineteenth Century*, wherein he will also learn that its success has led to the adoption of its principle of participation in over forty-six establishments in France, Alsace and Switzerland. We do not here affirm that his plan ought to be adopted by every employer of labor in this country. All we care to insist upon is, that Leclaire's success in working the principle of the participation of the workman in the profits of the master, should lead every Christian capitalist to seriously inquire whether the solution of the so-called "labor problem" is not contained in this principle, and also whether the law of Christian charity does not demand this or some similar application of benevolence to the machinery of our modern industries.

THE GOLDEN HARVEST.

BY REV. J. B. GOULD.

The traveler in France sees a kind of patchwork in all the fields. The different blocks and strips are very small, and present all varieties of color, showing that they are held by different owners and planted with different kinds of grain or vegetables. Before the French Revolution, as is now the case in England, the nobility held all the land in great tracts, and the peasantry who cultivated it paid tribute to the land-lord. These possessions were inalienable, and descended by the law of primogeniture to the eldest son from generation to generation. The other sons, as is now the case largely in England, were placed in the pulpit or in the army, and thus the aristocracy held all the posts of honor. After the Revolution in France, these great estates were seized and sold by auction to purchasers of every class, and thus the land was distributed. Subsequently these possessions were divided and subdivided among all the heirs till at the present time they seem like mere garden-spots. This attaches the poorer classes to the soil, and makes them patriotic and at the same time leads to careful tillage of the meagre inheritances. But the cultivation goes on without the improvements which have been introduced extensively in England and almost universally in America. It does not pay in France to purchase steam ploughs, and patent reapers and rakes, and all the furnishings of a model and enormous farm, such as are usually seen in the United States. The cumbersome spade, the awkward hoe, the unwieldy fork, are the implements handed down from father to son, and the different inclinations of these small owners cause the variegated appearance of the country. Sometimes it is very picturesque, and the eye is relieved of the monotony of a uniform field of grain stretching as far as the eye can reach.

The harvests in England and in France are later than in America, and they are just finishing up the joyous festivities connected with the annual replenishing of the granaries. To an American it is a matter of pride that these old countries are compelled to look across the sea for the bread they are unable to produce in sufficient quantities from their own soil. While the farmers murmur and become uneasy at the prices to which grain is reduced by American competition, the masses of the people rejoice that it is so cheaply obtained

from distant lands. The wheat-fields of America are her mines of wealth, and before them the gold and silver deposits are as nothing. Just now the great wheat-fields around the Black Sea are reported as bankrupt, and America will be called upon to send her cargoes with golden grain to all the world. Seeing and hearing much of this at the present time and in years past, I have been led to regard with deep interest what, in former years, was but little considered. In England, especially, the harvest-time is the occasion for merry-making, songs and thankfulness, and is to the husbandman the most delightful season of the year. It is the time of fulfilled hopes and realized expectations, when the ruddy gleam of the ripened fruit succeeds the countless wealth of blossoms, and he who went "forth weeping, bearing precious seed, returns with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." Of all the many beautiful sights in our own land and in England, I know of none more beautiful and interesting than the fields of wheat and corn, rippling in light and shade like the waves of a sunset sea, away over valley and upland to the shadowy shores of the distant hills. Though far distant and long absent, I cannot but enter fully into the feelings which glowed in the great child-heart of Luther when he says, "How it stauds, that golden grain, on its fair tapers, its golden head bent, all rich and waving there. The silent ear at God's kind bidding has produced it once again—man's bread."

The meaneast and homeliest scene is redeemed and hallowed by the presence of the grain-fields, in it. It is sacred ground. God has there made the place of His feet glorious. The old miracle of multiplying the loaves to feed the multitude, has been there performed anew, in a more gradual and less startling manner, it is true, but not the less wonderful on that account. In the case of our Lord's miracle the growing and ripening were rendered unnecessary, and in a single moment five loaves became a sufficiency for five thousand persons. What a seed-time and harvest! In the wheat-field the work of nature and nature's God is allowed to go on through weeks and months until the single tiny grains laid away and buried in the earth become a waving harvest. The miracle of the loaves was the sudden putting forth of God's bountiful hand from behind the veil of His ordinary providence; the miracle of the harvest is the working of the same bountiful hand, only unseen, giving power to the little grains to drink the dew and sunshine and nourishment of the soil during the long bright days of summer. The growth of the dry, hard, tiny seed into the long, fair, green or yellow stem hundreds of times its own length and weight, with "some thirty, some sixty, and some an hundred-fold" seeds like itself, is assuredly a miracle. How it grows, why it grows, none can tell. What the living principle within it is that enables it so to grow, no philosopher has yet explained, and never will.

No one can gaze upon these golden fields without being struck more or less by the pleasing associations with which they are connected. They strike their roots deep down into the soil of time; they are as old as the human race. They waved upon the earth long before the flood, under the husbandry of the world's early fathers. The sun in heaven has ripened six thousand of them. Progress is the law of nature, and everything else obeys that law, but the harvest-field shows little or no change. It presents nearly, if not exactly, the same picture in modern days as it did under the glowing skies of the East in the time of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. The present generation sees now enacted under its eyes the same scene which Ruth saw when she gleaned after her kinsman's reapers in one of the quiet valleys of Bethlehem, or which our Saviour so frequently gazed upon when wandering with His disciples in the mellow afternoon around the green shores of the lake of Genesareth. The harvest-fields are the golden links which connect the ages and the countries, and associate together the most distant times and the remotest nations in one common bond of sympathy and dependence. They make of the

earth one great home; of the human race one great family; and of God the universal father, to whom day after day we are encouraged to go with childlike faith and love, not in selfishness and separativeness, but in a brotherly spirit which embraces all, asking not for ourselves only, but for all the great family, "Our Father which art in heaven, give us this day our daily bread." Like all regularly-recurring things, we are liable to take and regard the harvest as a matter of course. Seldom have we thought on the awful consequences that would result if He gave us no harvest. If for a single year He suffered the winds to blow fiercely over all these fields, or the mildew to blight them, or the caterpillar to devour them, or the rain or the drought to prevent the ear from filling and ripening, the result would be unspeakable. We have reason to thank God that in America this great misery has been unknown, and in so wide-spread a country is never likely to occur. If that land of promise were to fail, there would be waiting among the nations; and if all were to fail for a single year, that waiting would be changed into famine and death.

Marseilles, Sept. 8.

A SABBATH IN GENEVA.

BY REV. ASA BULLARD.

In a recent tour in Europe, I spent a day or two in the historic city of Geneva. It is situated, it will be remembered, at the southwestern point of Lake Geneva, or Lemman, as it is sometimes called. It is the capital of the little canton of the same name, which is only fifteen miles long and as many broad. Geneva is said to be the richest and most populous town in Switzerland, having a population of about 50,000. The lake and mountain views are of surpassing grandeur and beauty.

This old city has much historic interest connected with the former wars of Savoy; and also as the birth-place of Rousseau, Madame de Staël, and other distinguished persons. Here, too, the great reformer, John Calvin, resided and preached from 1536 to 1564 and was buried, though no monument, in accordance with his wishes, marks the spot. His home still remains at No. 116 Rue des Chamoines, and is an object of much interest to travelers.

The small American chapel, where Rev. Leonard W. Bacon, now of Norwich, Conn., preached for several years, is now under the charge of Rev. Dr. Stevens, formerly the editor of *Zion's Herald*. I had the pleasure of addressing a small Sabbath-school in the chapel Sabbath morning, and then of listening to a very appropriate discourse by a young Methodist clergyman, whose name I cannot now recall. He was, quite likely, a tourist himself, and his sermon on the words, "We have here no continuing city," was especially fitted to interest and profit those who were visiting abroad. This chapel is sustained particularly for the benefit of English-speaking residents and the numerous tourists who chance to spend the Sabbath in the city. One would suppose that every lover of the sanctuary would be glad to find such a Sabbath home.

It was very pleasant to meet the venerable Dr. Stevens, who was so well known and so highly esteemed when a resident in Boston. He conducted a prayer and conference meeting in the evening, in which I had the pleasure to participate. He gave a clear and interesting exposition of the passage of Scripture which he read. Though much of the time he spoke quite low, and as if he lacked the vigor and force of his younger days, yet occasionally his eye kindled with its wonted fire, and his voice rang out with the clearness and pathos of olden times. I had but little opportunity to converse with the Doctor, or to learn about his special work in Geneva. But there can be no doubt that this chapel ought to be sustained, and that Dr. Stevens is performing a very important service for the cause of truth and righteousness in the labor he finds time to give to this enterprise.

It is to be regretted that so few professing Christians, who pass the Sabbath in cities where there are Protestant

churches or chapels, give the encouragement of their presence at the services. Very few of our party of twenty-five attended the morning service in Geneva, and only two or three that of the evening.

"Boy," asked aman, "is your father a Christian?"

"Yes, sir, he is a Christian, but he does not do much at it."

It is to be feared this is the case with many professing Christians when away from their homes. It ought not so to be.

LETTER FROM PHILADELPHIA.

PAN-PRESBYTERIAN COUNCIL.

[Concluded.]

The spirit, as well as the doings, of the Council deserves attention. When it is considered that it was a body without form or authority; that it had no rules of order, except as they tacitly assented to some that are common; that the presidency changed at every meeting, and was divided between the clergy and the laity, it will appear at once that such a body was liable to more or less disorder and confusion, especially as it was convened in America, where large latitude of view and of expression is allowed. But throughout there was manifest the most courteous and respectful spirit. The papers read before the Alliance had been prepared with great care on some of the most important points involved in theology, ecclesiastical form, or moral development as held by the churches holding the Reformed faith. The field of science was only entered now and then to pluck a flower, or weave a chaplet for religion.

Most of these papers were on topics of a general character, applicable alike to all branches of the Christian Church, such as, "Inspiration, Authority and Interpretation of the Scriptures," "The Cerebral, the Moral and the Emotional in Christian Life and Worship," "Christianity in Reference to Labor," "Bible Revision," "Vicarious Sacrifice of Christ," "Future Retribution," "Church Extension," "Temperance," "Sunday-schools," and many kindred subjects.

There were eleven papers that might be regarded as especially denominational, or chiefly applicable to Presbyterianism. Of the principal of these was one presented by Prof. S. J. Wilson, LL. D., of Allegheny City, on the "Distinctive Principles of Presbyterianism." While he claimed an antiquity for these which went far beyond any claims Romanism made in that direction, even covering Moses and the Synagogue, making them and the church in all ages Presbyterian, he did not insist so forcibly upon the peculiar dogmas of the Confession of Faith or the larger Catechism. He dwelt strongly on the assertion that there is no countenance given to diocesan or prelatical order or authority in the New Testament, or in the Old.

The exact literal truth of that statement may be called in question. But if he meant to refer only to the spirit of High Church prelate, then we have no dispute with him. That spirit is nowhere found in divine revelation, except to oppose and condemn it. Jesus Christ is the only true Bishop and Head of the Church, with the right and authority to order, to dictate and command. All His ministers are subs, under Him, servants of God and of His Church. Throughout the paper, as, indeed, through all that were read, there was no vain-glorious in the venerable name, or the mere form, of Presbyterianism, except once or twice. These cases were balanced by the spirit of Christian catholicity so prevalent.

In this class of topics was a paper read by Dr. Read, of Richmond, Va., on the subject of ruling elders. He dwelt with emphasis on the Scripture sanction for this class of men in all periods of the church. He found them in the Old Testament times and order—seventy of them in the days of Samuel. The only point made in illustrating the analogy between the elders of Israel and the elders in the Christian Church, or at least the chief point was, that Moses consulted the elders when anything important was to be done under his administration, and in Christian times Paul sent for or met the elders when he had any important matter on hand. There were strong intimations of parity between the ruling and the teaching elder—the minister. The ordination in both cases, it was taken, gave the right and authority to teach and to administer the ordinances, as well as to visit the sick and poor—a work which is especially assigned to them in the order and economy of the church. This would require a high standard of character, as well as ability, which was strongly insisted upon. It sounds very much like our local-preacher system, especially ordained local preachers.

The discussion of these papers at a subsequent meeting gave evidence of a want of entire agreement among Presbyterians on these and other points. Some of the churches favored the use of a limited liturgical service. Indeed, some of the branches are using such now. They wanted more ceremony to make the service attractive. The Reformed (Dutch) and the Lutheran, it was

stated, as known, have such services in their forms. Some advocated the adornment of the place of worship, although none wanted mere fancy, tinsel, or display. Some were disposed to favor the observance of more church days, as Good Friday, Easter, Christmas, etc.; but others opposed any innovation upon the simplicity of olden times. However, there was no querulous or carping criticism indulged, and no break in the general harmony of the body. Each differed from the other by mutual consent.

The paper on the relation of Presbyterianism to religious and civil liberty, was able and full of sharp points. It was worthy of the men who had descended from the Huguenots, the Waldenses, the Puritans, and fully maintained the character of those old defenders of the faith who fled from the spirit of intolerance and oppression, or died rather than surrender the sacred right of conscience and personal freedom. That has ever been a glorious trait of the Reformed Church, with two or three local exceptions. All honor to their memory!

One feature of uncommon interest in the meetings has been the music. It was not artistic or fashionable; there was neither orchestra nor organ, patented sopranos nor imported basses coming from the purlieus of the pit to lead the devotions of the sanctuary. A book of selections from the best transposition of the Psalms, had been prepared for the occasion, which was scattered through the Academy and Hall; and every one that could sing did so, following the conductor of the choir made up of some of the singers from the churches. It was thrilling to hear the voices of the three thousand packed in the building as they poured forth the melody of those good old tunes, Antioch, Hebron, Old Hundred, Greenville, Lenox, etc. They did not sing with the abandon we have sometimes marked at camp-meetings and in revivals; but they sang with the spirit and with the understanding also; hence it was spirited and devotional.

Time and space forbid further particularizing of this grand, perhaps the grandest, convocation of Christians ever assembled on this continent. There is matter enough in it for a score of articles instead of two. But we cannot pass silently over one meeting held in the Academy on Thursday evening, Sept. 30. The day had been devoted to papers on the missionary work and the spread of the Gospel. The committee had arranged to have an essay or two to close up the subject in the evening; but they departed from the programme, and gave the evening to about a dozen missionaries who were present, some as delegates, and some as visitors, who in ten-minute speeches gave a narrative of their experience and work. It was a thrilling occasion.

A synopsis of these speeches would make this article too long; but the facts may be summed up in a few words, as presented by these several speakers. Japan was opened to foreigners twenty-six years ago, with the exception of only two things, opium and Christianity. They had seen enough of one in their neighbors (China), and of the other in the drunken and debauched sailors from Christendom. Twenty-one years ago five missionaries were sent to them. The result is, more than fifty churches one hundred and fifty or sixty missionaries, and twenty-seven hundred communicants in their churches.

China was opened to Christian effort and daring about thirty years ago. There are between ninety and one hundred centres in the country occupied by missionaries, who work out from them. There are seven hundred places where the Gospel is preached, three hundred and eighteen churches, and between fifteen and sixteen thousand church members. Schools are doing their work also. Is Christianity a failure?

The New Hebrides were also represented. Rev. Mr. Neilson said his immediate predecessors, Messrs. Turner and Nesbit, remained but a short time, being killed and eaten by the savages. Now they are civilized, clothed, are being educated, have their churches and schools as other people, and everything is comfortable and homelike.

A native Choctaw represented his tribes. He spoke with apparent feeling of their being driven from reservation to reservation, and did not know how long they would be permitted to remain where they are. But they are improving, and mean to, let them be where they may. They have twenty-one Presbyterian churches, with eleven hundred communicants.

Bassuto Land, Africa, Greece, Egypt, Syria, were all represented, and the speaking was closed by Father Chiniquy from Canada, the converted Romanist priest. It was a feast of fat things. Such a meeting one attends only once in a life-time.

The closing services were a series of farewell meetings held in different Presbyterian churches throughout the city, a dozen or more, which were addressed by different members. The delegates from foreign countries were heavily taxed for these meetings. There was great desire manifested to hear them, and the committee made all possible effort to gratify the people. They were also very popular. The Council adjourned to meet in Belfast, Ireland, in 1884, the time to be fixed by the business committee.

W. H. P.

"LIBERAL STINGINESS."

BY REV. J. BENSON HAMILTON.

A recent editorial in the HERALD upon an article in the Christian Register, whose subject was, "What Orthodox Christians are Doing," called to mind an incident in the writer's experience not long since. He attended a convention of a so-called "liberal" sect. An able and eloquent clergyman read a brilliant essay upon Christian benevolence. He paid a glowing tribute to the Christian liberality and financial methods of orthodox Christians. The Methodist Church, especially, received most favorable mention. After contrasting the orthodox liberality with "liberal" orthodoxy, vividly portraying the weakness of his own denomination, sharply rebuking the writer of financial support and exhorting to a truer conception of Christian benevolence, he sought for the cause of the unfavorable comparison he had just been compelled to make. He said: If a man was solicited to give for the relief of the starving; if he believed there was a possibility, or even a probability, that he might be in need of charity himself some day; and that every dollar given in alms would return in bounty to himself in his time of need, his purse would respond with cheerful readiness and great liberality. Orthodox Christians believe that souls are in danger of hell; that what is done in their behalf is as if done to Christ himself; that God keeps a close account of all such gifts and labors; that when a soul is called into judgment, the books are examined, and what stands to his credit will help out just so much his own case. Hence orthodox liberality. The "liberal" Christian gives to philanthropy and benevolence with a lavish hand, but is chary of expense for religious purposes because he is destitute of the sentiment of fear which is the cornerstone of the orthodox faith; besides, he is deprived of the stimulus created by a belief in the account kept in the divine cash-book. What gives goes not to his credit so as to insure him any release from his own indebtedness.

This is the gist of a keen, witty, sparkling, and extremely enjoyable chat of a half hour or more. It was followed by an effort to raise money for religious purposes. The attempt revealed a striking illustration of the truth of the essay. The responses showed the speaker had justly gaged his own faith. The writer asked permission to say a word, which was very courteously granted. He said he desired to thank the gentleman for his truthful and graceful eulogy of Methodist financial management. The secret of our success is found in our securing small subscriptions and lots of them. We look after the cents, and the dollars follow of themselves. But the speaker of the afternoon was in error with regard to the mainspring of our benevolence, which is not love of fear, but love. We have a faith we ardently believe, and can zealously preach, and therefore find it easy to support. The Christian denunciations that are perplexed because of the lack of Christian liberality among their own people, may find the source of their financial failure in the estimation in which they hold their religious faith.

Is it not true that the very reason so jauntily and wittily given by the "liberal" clergyman, is the secret of his and kindred denominations theorizing about what evangelical Christians are doing? In proportion as we feel earnest conviction concerning the importance of a truth, or the benefit to be derived from its propagation, do we find it easy to sacrifice for its advancement. Methodism, notwithstanding her creditable record, needs liberal seed-sowing in certain fields of Christian benevolence, that she may be rid of the humiliation of scanty harvest. One objection point which fails to receive fitting notice among the many loud and pressing calls for liberality is the fifth collection. Have not our superannuated preachers the right to apply our reasoning to our beggarly collections in their behalf? "He that giveth little, loveth little." When Methodism measures up to her full duty in this direction, she will show her esteem and love in dollars and cents. When we feel warmly in the heart, we will feel deeply in the pocket.

Leicester, Me.

Piscataquis Valley Camp-Meeting.

Last year at the Charleston camp-meeting a committee was raised to make arrangements for moving to a permanent ground, and to prepare such ground for a camp-meeting this year. After examining several groves, the committee at last decided to locate in Piscataquis Valley at a beautiful grove in Foxcroft. The grove was purchased at \$75 per acre, and fitted up at an expense of about \$400. A fine preacher's stand was erected, and seats for three thousand persons arranged in a semi-circle about it. Two circles of tents and cottages surrounded the seats, with a broad avenue running between them. A substantial picket fence surrounded the whole, with two gates on the front for entrance and exit. A fine spring of water in the grove affords a never-failing supply of wholesome water, and a well dug at another place supplements the spring.

All this labor of preparation was done under the energetic supervision of Rev. John H. Ramsdell, of Atkinson, chairman of the committee. The church in Piscataquis Valley owe him a debt of gratitude for his untiring devotion to their interests. Shouldering heavy burdens, and becoming personally responsible for liabilities incurred, he has carried the enterprise forward to a successful issue.

Rev. W. W. Marsh, presiding elder of Bangor district, has devoted a great deal of his valuable time to this work, and has contributed very much to the success of the enterprise. The ground for our camp-meeting in Piscataquis

Valley will always remain a monument to his labor on Bangor district. Justice requires that we speak in this connection of Rev. C. A. Plumer, pastor of the church in Dover and Foxcroft, who has been abundant in labor for the promotion of the work.

All being in readiness, Aug. 30, the first camp-meeting began, and, favored by a week of sunshine and beauty, the success of the meeting was equal to our most sanguine expectations. Rev. W. W. Marsh presided. The preaching was plain, simple and searching, and its effect was apparent in the quickening of God's people and in the conversion of sinners. It was estimated that two thousand five hundred people were upon the ground on Wednesday and three thousand on Thursday. More than eighty tents were erected. This was considerably more than was usual upon the old ground. The income from gate-fees and rental of lots was sufficient to meet the outlay on the grounds, and the financial success was as grand as the spiritual one.

At the love-feast on Thursday morning one hundred and thirty testimonies were given in an hour. Then, on invitation, quite a number of sinners arose for prayers, and the meeting was protracted until time for the preaching service to begin. Many souls will thank God for the first camp-meeting in Piscataquis Valley.

At a business meeting of the association a constitution and by-laws were adopted. Hon. John H. Ramsdell, of Bangor, was chosen president, Rev. F. A. Bragdon, of Carmel, secretary, and Rev. C. A. Plumer, of Dover, treasurer. A board of laymen were chosen as trustees. I cannot furnish their names at this writing, but it is sufficient to say they are lovers of Christ and Methodism, and men of business experience.

F. A. BRAGDON, Sec.

Obituaries.

Rev. ELISHA ADAMS, D. D., was born in Williamstown, Vt., July 29, 1815, and died at his home in Concord, N. H., Aug. 15, 1880, aged 65 years.

He was the son of Luther and Lydia A. Adams. Of his ancestors he was not a little proud, as well he might be. Both his grandfathers were soldiers of the Revolutionary army; and one of them carried to his grave a well-deserved and honorable scar on his breast, made by a British soldier in a bayonet charge. His early life was spent in the peaceful pursuits of husbandry. His childhood and youth were divided between the country school-house and his father's farm, where the young ideas were early taught to shoot. This country life was invigorating and laid a good foundation for his subsequent robust physique, sound mind, cheerful piety and constant activity, which so well filled up his years. His early educational advantages were well improved, and took first rank among equals in opportunities. High native endowments made it easy for him to excel, and settled in it in advance that he would win in anything like an even contest. He trusted nature to superior gifts, but used them for the highest purpose, and to the fullest extent. He spent some time at the Newbury Seminary. The three years previous to entering upon his ministry he had spent in the Seminary at Norwich University. That the time passed in these schools was well employed need not here be said. That he built on the foundations already laid, his works declare. He was married June 21, 1838, to Miss Mary A. Merrill, of Manchester, N. H. She died in 1858. By her he had four children, only one of whom survives. He was married again Jan. 13, 1870, to Miss Sarah J. Sanborn. Of Concord, who survives to mourn her loss.

Dr. Adams received a religious training from his childhood, and was converted at the age of sixteen years. He was a member of the Congregational church of Concord, and received into the church the next year by Rev. E. J. Scott of the Vermont Conference. He was licensed to exhort and to preach in 1835; and in the following year he was received into the New Hampshire and Vermont Conference, held that year at Montpelier. He was ordained deacon in 1838, at Danville, Vt., by Bishop Morris, and elder in 1840, at Chelsea, Vt., by Bishop Roberts. He was a successful and successful minister in the districts in the New Hampshire Conference. Of the forty-four years of his ministry, eleven were given to districts, eighteen to stations, and three to the agency of the Conference Seminary. In every position his labors were highly acceptable and successful. For the last twelve years, though not superannuated, he has taken lighter labor in more retired spheres. He has been quite actively interested in the Prisoners' Aid Association, the Freedmen's Aid Society, and the Temperance Alliance. He has also been connected with the board of education in the city of Concord. His presence has been a power for good wherever he has gone. And in all these years he has been a pillar in the particular church where he worshipped. He received the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity from the Shaw University in the year 1874. He gave much and valuable service to the Conference Seminary. A trustee from the beginning, he was identified with all its fortunes. Not only was he employed three years exclusively in its service, but he carried its burdens along with the labors of large districts and important stations. He had charge of the erection of main buildings at two different times—the large one of 1856, which was burned in 1862, and those now in use, built since the fire. His services at these times were highly satisfactory. His presence could always be counted on at the meetings of the board, and his business suggestions were wise, well considered and generally adopted. His vacant seat at this board will not easily be filled.

Take all in all, he was a well-loved man. Of commanding presence, he would be anywhere recognized as cool, clear, discreet, conservative, and safe in council. As a business man, he was successful. Not very exacting, but employed in that way, but even the little, which as a minister he found to do, indicated the man. He provided well for his household; and the clergyman, who, in these times, and in New Hampshire, can place himself and family beyond the need of a Preachers' Aid Society, must be rated a success in one line, at least. He was successful in those things which more directly belong to the minister of Christ, in the household of faith. No man, probably, was more widely known in the State than he; and none was more honored and trusted by his church. He was a member of the General Conference of 1848, 1852 and 1856. He fully comprehended our economy. He understood our work in the whole Conference, and knew the men who were to do it. This position he held by right of conquest. He was a

master of the situation by real service in the field. His ministry in this State covered thirty-six years, and he was always at his post. He was a man of one way, and in that he excelled. Possibly some might be found, who in a single point surpassed him. Few, however, possess the full average of all the qualities that make the sum total of greatness and thoroughly furnish the minister in excess of him. In the pulpit and among the people, in the varied and difficult demands of the pastoral work, he was not found wanting. He was able to feed the flock, to preach the Word, and to banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrines, contrary to God's Word. As a preacher he was strictly evangelical. The doctrine and practical views of the Gospel which have been held by the church of God ever since the apostles, were strictly and conscientiously cherished and taught by him. While he treated of honest convictions of truth with respectful attention, he indulged in no speculations. The Word of God, to him, was too plain to be misinterpreted without effort and intention to do so, and to be trifled with, and too valuable as a saving and elevating force among men to be wasted or perverted. The lessons he learned from the divine oracles, he taught to others. A striking feature of his preaching was its simplicity. He unfolded and illustrated the Scriptures to the common mind; and then all were edified. There was also a manifest sincerity and directness in his preaching; it did not seem like dissembling made for the occasion, because they would be expected, or because it was his trade to preach, and he was hired to do it. It seemed rather because the word was in him, sought out, found in the Scriptures, and its purpose was too high, its aim too sure, and its effect too good to be lost, and the demand for it too pressing to admit of delay; and it was his high calling to make the Word known, and through all was the evident conviction of the truth of every word of God. And this mightily convinced the hearers. His preaching was clear. The subject was made the plainer by his discussion of it. The enemy was never strengthened by his weakness or obscurity, but the truth was advanced and strengthened among his hearers. This was because he never ventured beyond his depth, or meddled with things too high for him. He tried his oars before putting to sea. He tried his wings before leaving the mountain tops. He mastered his subject himself before teaching others. And this other endowment of the preacher, with his best in his intellectuality was nearly lost—the unctuous—was not wanting. This was the touch of the Spirit, the live coal from the altar. It was the ever-present and manifest token that God was with him. This made it easy to listen to him. This opened the heart to receive the Word, and this won the victory.

The following eloquent and appreciative summary of the man is taken from the letter of one who knew him long and intimately:—

"He was one of only a few remaining landmarks of our early New Hampshire Methodist ministry. His life was long, busy, fruitful, fruitful. The day before his death was permeated with his life. Such a life is more eloquent than any eulogy. Endowed with a leading mind, he has led. Physically, gait, gestures, voice, all royal. He was a man who, if success, dared to assume responsibilities. He understood human nature. He was a good conversationalist. In his life he was honest, true, and his Christian character and duties he was fervent, zealous, constant. His monuments are all about us in churches reared, institutions founded, and souls saved. With thousands of others I shall remember him and mourn his loss. To me it is a powerful incentive to holy living to entertain the thought that possibly I may be able to gain the blessed shore he has reached, and share his companionship forever."

He had been failing for a few years. He was not the shadow of his former self. He grew thinner year by year. As he took his seat in the Conference room each spring, he was a sign unto us; and we noted the waste of the year as the index on the dial of time, and knew that he must leave us soon. He linked us to the heroic age of the church. He was not the last of the heroes, to be sure, but one of the few remaining. His friends were looking for him in the scene; and while watching they were surprised. On the first day of the week, when it was yet early, he was suddenly called. He could only raise his hand and cry, "My head!" and then he fell in the arms of his devoted wife, and his soul had passed on. He ceased at once to work and live.

O. H. JASPER.

Died, in Danville, Vt., Sept. 13, 1880, Miss MARTHA J. GOODENOUGH, aged 45 years.

Sister G. was converted at the age of 16 under the labors of Rev. Alonzo Webster, and joined the M. E. Church. For years she has been identified officially with every interest and department of church work in this place. A devoted Christian, she was a studious, prayerful, and a true friend to the church of Christ. Under great physical weakness and mental suffering she was, we trust, fitted for her home in heaven, leaving only her religious example and her many prayers for her remaining son and her numerous family connections. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." N. GOODRICH.

Mrs. MARY DOW, wife of Nelson Dow, formerly of South Coventry, Conn., died at Springfield, Mass., Sept. 10, of paralysis, aged 73 years.

She embraced Christ in early life as the only sure hope of happiness in this world, or in the world to come. It was something of a cross to unite with the M. E. Church in that town when she was converted. For the last few years of her life nothing apparently more interested her than the prosperity of the church of Christ. Under great physical weakness and mental suffering she was, we trust, fitted for her home in heaven, leaving only her religious example and her many prayers for her remaining son and her numerous family connections. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." N. GOODRICH.

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